



KHAN MAXIMUS,
ASSISTANT TO
MISS BLAKE-

SEES CAPTAIN
'WHITE NIGHT'
OF THE
GUARDS!



YES, I'VE
HEARD THE
NEWS.

SO YOU
BROUGHT
SOMEONE
SPECIAL
TODAY?

YES-SIR...
WE DESIST TO
INFORM YOU
THAT THE WINNER
OF THE GENTLEMAN
PUB IS HUMAN...

CAPTAIN
OF THE
GUARDS...

HAHAHA



LESSA

THE CRIMSON KNIGHT

77



LET
ME TAKE
A LOOK.

ΔΗ, ΔΗ..?



HOW
DID A SMALL
BOY LIKE YOU
GET THIS
FAR.

HOW DO
YOU ENJOY
AND SUGGEST
ALL THE
EXPECTATIONS

...?

WAS
IT NOT HARD?



I AM FINE.



WHEN CAN
I MEET
ADES...?



DON'T ACT
DISRESPECTFULLY
IN THE CAPTAIN'S
PRESENCE...



YOU WILL MEET
HIS HIGHNESS
AT DINNER.

IT'S OKAY

I LIKE
THIS ONE

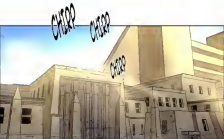
SO I'LL BE IN
CHARGE OF

PARDON?
TRAINED

HIS TRAINING.

BY YOU...?
BUT WHY...







THEY
ARE ALL
STARRING
AT US.

YOU MUST
BE POPULAR
IN THIS AREA...?



WOULD
IT NOT BE
MORE STRANGE
NOT TO LOVE
ME?

HOW
ABOUT YOU,
WILL YOU NOT
BECOME MY
SLAVE RATHER?



THAN BECOMING
A SOLDIER?



YOU WANT
ME TO BE
A SLAVE?



DO YOU
THINK THAT
I DON'T KNOW
WHAT THAT
MEANS?

YOU MUST
HAVE SEEN
MANY THINGS
OUT THERE.

DO NOT
BE ANGRY.



DO YOU SEE
THE HUMANS
OVER THERE?



THEY'RE THE
SLAVES OF
ZONE 1.

THEY'RE
MOSTLY YOUNG
ONES, BUT
THERE IS NO ILL
TREATMENT.

INSTEAD, THEY
WORK AND ARE
COMPENSATED.



HUMANS
SWEAR THEIR
LOYALTY TO
THOSE MORE
ADVANCED
THAN THEM.

TAKE
A LOOK AND
SEE IF ANY OF
THEM'S CRYING.

YOU
THINK THEY
WOULD BE
HAPPY...?

THEY'VE STILL
LOST FAMILIES
AND HOLD
HURTFUL
MEMORIES.



THIS IS
BALANCE.



IN SOME PLACES,
HUMAN LIVES ARE
NO DIFFERENT
FROM HELL-



IN SOME
PLACES,
HUMANS ARE

THEY'VE
MADE
PLAYTHINGS-



YES, IN MOST
CASES HUMANS
ARE TRADED.



BUT
THERE WILL COME
A TIME WHEN THINGS
REACH THE RIGHT
ENDING.





BUT IF THERE IS
ONE PLACE
THAT NEVER
COLLAPSES,



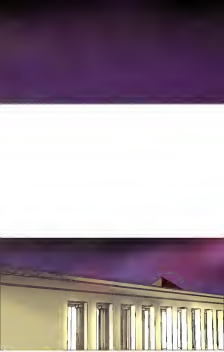
WOULD THAT
NOT BE
HEAVEN.



SO, DO
YOU NOT
WANT TO BE
MY SLAVE?



AGAIN!





WHY
ARE YOU
SO KIND TO A
HUMAN LIKE
ME?



THERE'S NO
ONE ELSE TO
TAKE CARE
OF YOU.



SO GO
AHEAD~



I MET
YOU JUST
TODAY, YET
YOU ARE SO
KIND.

IS IT FAKE...?

FAKE...?

IS IT NOT?

YOU MUST
HAVE DIRTIED YOUR
HANDS WITH THE
BLOOD OF COUNTLESS
HUMANS AS YOU MADE
YOUR WAY TO THAT
POSITION.

STEALING
HUMAN
LIVES—

WELL...

YOU MUST HAVE
KILLED COUNTLESS
BELIEVERS TO
GET THIS FAR.

DID
YOU NOT?

ARE WE NOT
THE SAME?



YOU ARE
RIGHT.



BUT, IF
THAT'S SO...

THIS IS NOT
HEAVEN, YET.



I KNOW
THIS PLACE...

THIS PLACE

YES,
I HAVE SEEN THESE
CASTLES BUILT BY
AGES SOMEWHERE
BEFORE.

IT MUST'VE
BEEN THAT
DAY

WHISP



WHAT'S ALL
THE RUCKUS?

AH, PRINCE,
WHAT BRINGS
YOU HERE...

I WAS
LOOKING
AROUND THE
SITE.

AH, THIS ONE..
HE'S A PRISONER
OF WAR FROM
PALESTINE.

HE'S
AWFULLY BAD
AT CLEANING SO I
WAS TEACHING HIM
A LESSON.



A man with dark, messy hair is shown from the waist up, hunched over with his head buried in his hands. He is shirtless and wears white shorts. His skin is covered in numerous scratches and abrasions, particularly on his arms and torso. The background is dark and indistinct. A speech bubble is positioned above his head.

SEND HIM TO
THE QUARRY
TOMORROW

H.. GASP...

I'LL DO
BETTER...

WHY
ARE YOU
SAYING
THAT?

I'LL DO A
GOOD JOB
NEXT TIME...

WHY
ARE YOU
SAYING
THAT?

SHOUT

WHO
DO YOU THINK
YOU'RE TALKING
BACK TO?!



















THE
DAY I FIRST
DESCENDED
TO THIS
WORLD..

LESSA